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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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A Young Hero.

In the Madison (Wisconsin), "Daily Argus," December 1, we find the following account of the martyrdom of an American boy—a youth of whom our nation may be proud—who died because he would not tell a lie.

HEROES AND MARTYRS.—Our readers will probably all recollect the story of the Norwegian boy at Chicago, who was drowned by some other boys because he refused to assist them in robbing an orchard. Some of the papers at Chicago, now raise doubt as to the martyrdom of the boy, and attempt to account for his death in some other way than that first suggested. It seems to such that heroism, of the kind imputed to the boy, does not exist in the world at the present time. Such editors underrate humanity.—A case of moral heroism exceeding that imputed to Knud Iverson, occurred in Marquette county, in this State, a little over a year ago, the facts of which were established by judicial investigation, and were related to us by Judge Larrabee, who presided at the trial.

A beautiful fair-haired blue-eyed boy about nine years of age was taken from the Orphan Asylum in Milwaukee, and adopted by a respectable farmer of Marquette, a professor of religion and a member of the Baptist persuasion. A girl, a little older than

were installed in their new home, the boy discovered criminal conduct on the part of his new mother, which he mentioned to the little girl, and it thereby came to the ears of the woman; she indignantly denied the story to the satisfaction of her husband, and insisted that the boy should be whipped until he confessed the falsehood. The man—poor, weak bigot—impelled by a sense of religious duty, proceeded to the task assigned him, by procuring a bundle of rods, stripping the child naked, and as suspended him by a cord to the rafters of the house, and whipping him at intervals for over two hours, till the blood ran through the floor, making a pool upon the floor below; stopping only to rest and interrogate the boy, and getting no other reply than "Pa, I told the truth—I cannot tell a lie;" the woman all the time urging him to "do his duty." The poor little hero at length released from his torture, threw his arms around the neck of his tormentor, kissed him and said, "Pa, I am so cold," and died. It appeared in evidence upon the trial of this man and woman for murder, that the child did tell the truth, and suffered death by slow torture rather than tell a lie. The age of heroism and of martyrdom will not have passed till mothers cease to instill holy precepts into the minds of their infant offspring. The man and woman who murdered this angel-child are now in the penitentiary at Wau-pun, to which they were sentenced for ten years.

Yield not to grief.

It is a common saying, "Grief is a poor fellow; he will not stay long." But it is a poor fellow who will not stay long, and who will not stay long, and who will not stay long.

Remarkable Case of Supposed Petrification.

There arrived, within a few days, at the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in this city, an oblong box represented to contain a corpse, and it struck us as somewhat singular; it weighed five hundred and fifty pounds, according to the freight charges upon it. Curious to know something more about this mysterious box, than the external marks indicated, we instituted some inquiries, and derived the following information, which, as we got it from pretty good authority, we are inclined to consider correct, until we shall receive better explanation:

The wife of a gentleman living in Nelson county in this State, died some years ago, and was interred in the usual manner. Being a native of Woodford county, Kentucky, she had requested, before her death, to be buried beside her kindred in the home of her childhood. From accident or delay, her request was not complied with until quite recently her relations caused her remains to be disinterred, when they were found to be of the extraordinary weight mentioned above—over five hundred pounds! At the time of her death, her weight was about 110. Only the foot of the coffin, which was still in good state of preservation, was broken open, when her feet were found to be in a perfect state of petrification, the stone partaking of the character of the hardest

the grave. The inference is that the whole body is thus completely petrified.

The gentleman in charge of the remains is having them conveyed to Woodford county, Kentucky, according to the request of the deceased.

We omit the names of the deceased and her relatives as immaterial to a matter which appears, as near as we can judge, to be correctly stated as above. Human petrifications are rare, among the multifarious wonders of nature, but as they have been found, as the records of science attest, we have no reason to reject this instance as one among the rarest results of a peculiar combination of the physical elements.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The publishers of the New Orleans Delta are about to issue in pamphlet form a complete list of all the interments in that city, during the late yellow fever season, extending from the first of May to the first of November, 1853, and giving the names, ages, and places, and date of interment, arranged in alphabetical order. This will be an interesting little volume, and particularly so to those who had friends deceased in New Orleans during the late terrible scourge.

MORE EVIDENCE.—One of our liquor-dealers advertises that, under the tariff, gin cannot be imported, except by the pipe, and insinuates that "all gin in bottles is put up somewhere." Doubtless—but is not all the gin sold as "imported," manufactured "somewhere?"

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Character of the Turks.

The temperament of the Turk is phlegmatic, and he is disposed to quiescence and indolence; but under the influence of powerful excitements, he passes from a state of insensibility into the most unrestrained violence and excess. The Turk is habitually temperate. He never tastes the forbidden juice, but yet he can "get as drunk as a Christian lord." He is mild and grave, but when provoked, he is infuriated. He has little fanaticism; but when his religious fervor is kindled, it becomes a brutal frenzy. He is not habitually cruel—he is sometimes generous and humane; but he is of all men the most remorseless in his cruelty. He will not luxuriate in the agonies of an enemy, and trample upon his victim—he has little taste for the more exquisite refinements of revenge; in this respect he displays less of the demon in his worst excesses, than either Frank or Greek. But then he butchers with less compunction, and with a more entire contempt for human life. His eye never pities and his heart never bleeds. Age or sex excites no commiseration in him, who, on slight provocation, or from policy dooms the wife of his bosom to the death of a cat, and his children to the bowstring.

The same insensibility to the higher attributes of human nature displays itself in the smooth-faced perfidy with which he can inveigle, in order to de-

haps, his old associate or guest. In fact alike in his pleasures and his cruelties, the Turk is an impassible animal—coldly voluptuous and coldly cruel; deliberate alike in good and evil, less to be dreaded when choleric than when concealing his emotions—not intolerant, far less so as a Moslem than either Greek or Latin; not ungrateful, not inhospitable, not unkind to his dependants, not incapable of generosity; but naturally arrogant, sensual and implacable—knowing no medium between the despot and the slave—too generally a hypocrite in all things—so much so as to please the Frank whom he despises; in a word exhibiting more or less of the deadening and debasing defects of a despotic government, oriental prejudices, and a pharisaical and sensual creed.

The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is busied, so unweariedly, for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Pain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentle-

ness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have administered so unflinchingly, are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O it is so sad."

There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth too—of joys past, of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O, how often, that the grave cannot keep her.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—Loss of Two Hundred and Fifty Lives.

Very intelligence of the lamentable wreck of the British ship supposed to be the "Lady Evelyn," and a fearful sacrifice of life. She was a fine vessel, recently built, 748 tons burden, commanded by Captain M'Lellan, and was the property of Messrs. Herrings, of Liverpool. On her last voyage from England she was bound to Port Philip, and on her arrival there she was taken up for a run to Calcutta and China. She was then chartered for the conveyance of 250 Chinese emigrants to San Francisco, and departed in every apparent safety with her living freight. The catastrophe is reported to have occurred on the night of the 20th July, on one of the cluster of islands known as Typingson, in the Eastern or Chinese Sea, situated some fourteen miles west of Loo Choo. She quickly went to pieces, and we regret to add that out of 290 souls who were on board, including the crew, only six European sailors and twenty Chinese men were saved. The advices furnished no further intelligence. The ship was insured.—*N. Y. Times.*

Some sharp young editor, who has associated with such only, grows witty about men's marrying paint, cotton, whalebone, silk, etc., etc. It would be easy enough to return the compliment, for women have actually married creatures of hair, bear's grease, tobacco juice and logwood, done up in tight pants and bob-tailed coats. Perfect little creatures—there men!—*Chief.*

Happy he who happy thinks.

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